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THE HEDGLEY-HASKINS LAWSUIT.

BY A. M. BELDING.

CHAPTER I.

It is possible that there are persons living within a hundred miles of the locality who have never heard of Plunkett Settlement. It is there, nevertheless, in the interior of a fine New Brunswick county, some twenty odd miles from railway communication, and, therefore, not in the regular route either of business or tourist travel.

It is also possible that the people of Plunkett Settlement are to a certain degree behind the times in their manner of life, and a little out of touch with the smart ideas and fashions of more favoured communities. But hearts beat there as elsewhere, and the people are actuated in the main, it must be confessed, by motives and feelings very similar to those that sway the great centres of population.

When Farmer Hedgley of Plunkett Settlement rose from the dinner-table one fine autumn afternoon, and announced that he would go out to the back field and fix up a break or two in the pasture fence, it was with no expectation of the thrilling event about to take place. He had eaten a hearty dinner, and was in the frame of mind naturally induced by so gratifying an experience. Axe on shoulder, and humming a verse of an old, familiar hymn, he set off across the fields.

The back field lay beyond the crest of a hill, and extended to a belt of woods on the rear of the farm. Arrived at the crest, Mr Hedgley paused and looked back, to view with pardonable complacency the thrifty acres his father's hand in former years and his own more recently had reclaimed from the Canadian wilderness. Having concluded his survey in that direction, Farmer Hedgley turned and looked toward the woods. An expression of sudden and great surprise crossed his features, and he shaded his eyes with his hat for a second look along the fence he

had come to repair, and which separated his own land from that of his neighbour Farmer Haskins. And as he gazed, the expression of astonishment merged into one of visible wrath; for there, before his very eyes, was a man busily engaged in moving the line fence—the portion of it nearest the wood—farther back on his (Hedgley's) property. And a close scrutiny disclosed the fact that the industrious person was no other than Farmer Haskins himself. With great strides Mr Hedgley covered the intervening distance, and while yet some way off raised his voice to a high pitch and shouted:

'Here! What are you at, there?'

Farmer Haskins looked up, but the question was so obviously superfluous under the circumstances that he made no reply whatever. Mr Hedgley ran up to him, dropping his axe, and seized one end of the fence pole his neighbour was about to remove.

It should perhaps be explained that for many years there had been a difference of opinion between Mr Hedgley and Mr Haskins as to the exact location of the line between their respective properties. When Mr Hedgley cleared the field on which they now stood, his location of the fence was regarded by Haskins as an encroachment; but no active protest resulted, and the fence remained. Another dispute having since arisen, Mr Haskins had engaged a surveyor, whose report was found to sustain his view. He thereupon requested Mr Hedgley to pay half the cost of the survey and move his fence—or he would even be content with the latter action on Mr Hedgley's part. But Mr Hedgley promptly and decisively refused, a fact that may be accepted as an explanation of Mr Haskins's industry on this particular afternoon.

The two men, each with a firm grip of the fence pole, glared at each other.

'You drop that fence rail!' cried Hedgley.

'You git off my land!' retorted Haskins.

Mr Hedgley gave a tremendous jerk, and went over backwards. But he was rewarded, for the fence pole went with him. He scrambled to his feet and shook his fist savagely at his neighbour.

'You put that fence back where you found it,' he wrathfully declared, 'or I'll have the law of you as sure as your name's Jim Haskins.'

'You kin have all the law between here and Halifax,' fiercely retorted Mr Haskins; 'but that fence stays where it is.'

'I'll show you whether it will or not,' roared Hedgley, and made a rush for the panels that had been removed.

'Don't you tetch it,' warned Haskins. 'Don't you lay a finger on it, Hedgley.'

Mr Haskins was a tall and burly man, and strong enough to tie Mr Hedgley, who was scarcely of medium height, and much the lighter of the two. The latter paused.

'If you lay a hand to that fence, I'll break your back,' cried Haskins, advancing.

'All right—all right,' said Hedgley, falling back and retreating to his axe; 'all right, Haskins. I'll show you whether you'll break my back or not. You got hold of the wrong man, Haskins. There's law in this country. You'll smart for this. You needn't think I'm a coward or a thief neither.'

'Who's a thief?' thundered Haskins. 'Don't you throw out any of your dirty hints at me, Hedgley. If you want the law you kin crack on as fast as you like. I'm ready. But don't you throw out none of your talk about thieves, or I'll give you something to go to law fur. Now mind that.'

'All right, Haskins—all right. We'll see what you'll do before the week's out.' With which gloomy threat Mr Hedgley shouldered his axe, and without another glance at Haskins went straight home.

CHAPTER II.

Mr W. G. White, barrister-at-law, &c., sat in his office at Berton Village reading the morning papers. He had a snug practice in the village and county at large. It was said of him that he had actually been known to try and persuade people not to go into the court with cases that might and ought to be settled outside. An odd reputation for a lawyer, but the fact must be stated. Berton Village was on the railway, and some twenty-five miles from Plunkett Settlement, of which it was the entrepôt.

A knock at the lawyer's door on this particular morning was promptly answered, and heralded the entry of a man who sidled in as if rather doubtful of his personal safety in a lawyer's office. The visitor removed his hat, and seated himself in a stooping posture on the edge of the chair offered him, holding his hat between his knees. He wore a rough tweed coat and waistcoat, and homespun trousers tucked into heavy boots.

'You're Lawyer White?' he queried, bringing his eyes back to that gentleman's face after a cautious survey of the room.

'Yes, sir,' said the lawyer cheerfully. 'What

can I do for you this morning? Anything in the way of business?'

'Well, yes. I have got a little somethin' I want to talk over. My name's Hedgley. I live out back here in Plunkett Settlement.'

'Ah,' said the lawyer, rising and offering his hand. 'I thought I knew your face. Well, Mr Hedgley, what's the trouble?'

'My next neighbour,' began Mr Hedgley, 'is Jim Haskins. His land jines mine to the east'ard. There's a dispute about the line. There was an old survey, and I built the back fence along that line, do you see. But here lately Jim Haskins he went and got a new survey, and fetched the line over on me for quite a piece on the rear.'

'Yes,' assented the lawyer.

'Yes, sir,' said Mr Hedgley, 'he went and got that survey, and now he's gone and shifted the pasture fence over to what he calls the line. I went out t'other day and ordered him to quit. He told me to git out of that or he'd break my back. Them's his words, and I'll swear to it. I told him I'd sue him, and he told me to crack on as fast as I liked. Now I'm gon to crack on and find out if he kin take my land and then threaten to break my back for nothin'.'

The recital of his wrongs restored Mr Hedgley's confidence in himself, if for a moment he had seemed to have lost it, and he delivered the concluding sentence in an exceedingly valorous tone.

'Is this an old dispute,' queried the lawyer, 'or has it only come up lately?'

'Oh, we've been bickerin' about it off and on for years, but nothin' ever come of it till here last winter, when I went to cut some timber on the rear of my place and cut over to the old line. Then Haskins got mad, and swore he'd have it surveyed—and so he did. And now he's shifted the fence, and when I tried to stop him, he threatened to break my back, and told me to crack on. Now, I'm gon to crack on.'

'Did the new survey start at the same place as the old one?' asked the lawyer.

'Jist the same place exactly—yes, sir. And it run along the old line for quite a piece. Then it struck off a little, and kep' that way to the rear of the lots. The old stake at the rear is tore up, but I know where it was.'

'Who was the last surveyor?'

'Old man Lake.'

'A good man, Mr Hedgley. He doesn't often make mistakes,' said the lawyer. 'I've heard him give evidence in a good many land suits. Does the new survey take off a very wide strip of what you claim as your land?'

'It ain't the land,' said Mr Hedgley. 'I wouldn't a been so patickler, only he told me to crack on, and threatened to break my back. Now I'm gon to crack on.' Mr Hedgley said this with the emphasis of a fixed resolve.

'How much land would you lose,' asked the lawyer, 'if his survey were accepted as the right one?'

'Well, I dunno. Half an acre, maybe. But it ain't the land. He told me to crack on.'

'In what direction does the line run?' interrupted the lawyer.

'Due north and south from a post in the medder at the foot of the hill below the road,' lucidly responded Mr Hedgley. 'I never done

him an ill turn in his life, and I never believed in neighbours fightin'. But he told me to crack on, and by hages I'm gon to. And I want you to take hold of it for me.'

'How much is the land worth, suppose you did lose it? Have you thought of that?'

'No, I hain't thought of nothin'. He told me to crack on.'

'Well, but, my dear man, it doesn't signify what he told you. As I understand the case, it is simply a question as to the true location of a line due north and south from a given point. And it only involves a very small strip of land out in the woods anyhow. You want to consider what this thing will cost you if you take it into court. We lawyers, as a rule, don't object to business being thrown in our way, but if you take my candid advice, and I won't charge you for it, you'll make another effort to settle. You're not a rich man, Mr Hedgley, although I know you've got a snug place out there. A lawsuit will cost you both a good deal more than ten times the value of the land in dispute, and will leave you bad friends into the bargain. The game, my dear sir, isn't worth the candle. Have you tried to settle?'

'It ain't no use to talk about settlin'. He's no business with my land, and he ain't a gon to git it,' emphatically declared Mr Hedgley.

'I thought you said a moment ago you didn't care about the land.'

Mr Hedgley scratched his head, and looked a little foolish; but before he could offer any further observations about cracking on, there came another knock at the door. When it was opened, in walked no other than the defendant, Jim Haskins himself. He had seen his neighbour depart that morning from the precincts of Plunkett Settlement, and rightly conjectured that the latter was after legal advice. He resolved to follow, perhaps with a vague idea that if opportunity offered, he would carry out his threat of making a fracture in the spine of Mr Hedgley.

'Ha! you're here, are you?' said Haskins to Hedgley.

'So are you, for that matter,' said Hedgley to Haskins.

'After law, I s'pose?' said Haskins, half in query, half in assertion.

'Jist that,' rejoined Hedgley with emphasis; and turning to the lawyer, and nodding his head sideways at the new-comer, remarked: 'That's him—Haskins. Smellin' round to see what he kin hear, I guess.'

'I don't hear by seein', or smellin' either,' retorted Haskins. 'I leave that for them that don't know any better.'

And he glared hard at Hedgley, as if implying that that gentleman had a vicious habit of listening with his nostrils.

'Mr Haskins,' said the lawyer, 'sit down. You are the very man I wanted to see.'

Mr Haskins sat down, still holding Hedgley with his eye.

'Now,' pursued the lawyer, 'you two neighbours are in a fair way to have a big quarrel over a very little thing. The law is my profession, and I don't often talk against my pocket, but I want to see you two men settle this matter peaceably. You can do it without any great loss to either of you, you'll do it cheaper, and

you'll feel better. Now, don't you think so yourselves, honestly?'

'He told me to crack on, and threatened to break my back,' said Hedgley obstinately.

'I told you to crack on,' thundered Haskins.

'Who began the row? Who went over the line first? Who swore he wouldn't settle it? Who swore he'd sue? Hey, Hedgley, hey?'

As Haskins hurled these questions at the other, he leaned toward him and shook a very large fist under his nose. Feeling then better satisfied with himself, he sat very erect, placed his hands on his knees, palms downward, still holding Hedgley with his eye.

'You'd no right to my land, and you hain't a gon to git it either,' growled Hedgley sullenly.

'Your land! your land!' yelled Haskins. 'Who in blazes wants your land? It's no good anyhow. A grasshopper 'ud shed tears lookin' for a place to hide on it.—I tell you, squire,' turning to the lawyer, 'I've been tryin' for five years to git this here thing settled. Time and time agin I offered to pay half the cost of a new survey, and he wouldn't agree to it. Now I've had it surveyed, and I'll hold to that survey. And he kin crack on jist if he wants to. That's me, every day in the week.'

The speaker bestowed a withering look on Hedgley, who returned the same with interest.

'Gentlemen,' said the lawyer, 'keep your temper. Nothing was ever made better by getting angry over it. Jist think for a moment what all this may lead to.'

'You kin advise him if you want to,' said Haskins. 'He came to you for it. I intended to see you myself, but it's all right. It's all right. There's more lawyers than one in the town. You kin advise him and welcome. I don't know anybody needs it more.'

These observations were followed by another ominous exchange of glances, and a clinching of fists on the part of Hedgley.

'No,' the lawyer said, 'I want to advise you both. As you perhaps know, I've had to do with a good many land cases in court, and I know what it costs. It means ten and twenty dollar bills to go on singing to the tune you men have started. You are both out of temper now. Let that pass. Let us talk the whole matter over quietly together. Be neighbourly. Let me help you. What do you say? It seems to me a very absurd thing that two old neighbours should go to law about so small a matter. Of course I don't fully understand the case yet. You both say you are right, and of course you both think so. But it seems to me you can come to terms outside of the court-room. Shall we try?'

'I've always wanted it settled quietly,' said Haskins, softening a little. 'And since you put it so, squire, I don't mind talkin' it all over. Mebbe we kin come to terms.'

'You hear that, Mr Hedgley?' said the lawyer. 'What do you say, now? Are you willing to talk it over in a friendly way? Let's all be good-natured.'

'Well,' said Hedgley, 'I'd a been good-natured, only he threatened to break'—

'Well, there, there,' interrupted the lawyer, 'we say a great many things in ill-temper. Let that go.'

'Oh, I'll talk it over,' said Hedgley. 'I'm

willin' to have it settled quietly. I'm a peaceable man, and I don't want no quarrel with nobody. Haskins and me's been neighbours all our lives, most, and we never had no trouble to speak of, only this dispute about the line. Yes—I'm willin' to settle it quietly, if we kin come to terms.'

'Now that's what I call handsome,' declared the lawyer, rubbing his hands and smiling. 'If you both stick to that way of thinking, we'll settle this affair so easily that you'll both want to give me a fee—and a big one. But I am a peacemaker this time, and I won't take it.'

Then they all smiled, the lawyer in a genial fashion, Hedgley and Haskins a little dubiously. The atmosphere was decidedly clearer.

'Now,' pursued the lawyer, after a little pause, 'which of you is going to make the best-natured proposal looking toward a settlement here and now? That's the point. Who will be the first to come half-way and a little more for the sake of peace and good neighbourhood?'

'Well,' said Hedgley, 'if he'll agree to leave the line where it was'—

'No, he won't!' interrupted Haskins. 'No, sir!'

'Well, then, there's no use talkin',' declared Hedgley. 'The land's mine, and I won't be chiselled out of it by nobody.'

'Who's tryin' to chisel you out of it?' bellowed Haskins, more furious than ever. 'Drat ye! For two pins I'd shake the gizzard outen ye!'

'Ye can't do it!' yelled Hedgley, jumping up, evidently resolved to die if need be in defence of that mysterious portion of his anatomy. 'Ye can't do it! Ye haint the man, Haskins!'

'Come! Come!' cried the lawyer sternly. 'No more of that from either of you.'

'All right, squire—it's all right,' said Haskins. 'No offence to you, squire—but, oh Jerushy.'

'Don't ye!' roared Hedgley. 'Don't oh Jerushy me, Haskins!'

'Gentlemen,' broke in the lawyer—'if you are gentlemen—have some sense. It would only be serving you right if I drove the pair of you into the street. Shame on you both!'

The belligerents fell back; still, however, glaring furiously at each other.

The lawyer proceeded to give them a piece of his mind.

'You men,' he said, 'are old enough to have more sense—old enough to advise me in the matter of behaviour—and here you have acted like spoiled children. You are old neighbours, and I suppose you both have children. A fine example you set them. If they should hate each other, quarrel with each other, and act generally in a spiteful and hateful manner, whose fault would it be? You'll go to law about a strip of land that isn't worth five dollars in the first place, and you'll spend ten times or twenty times as much in costs of lawsuits. Now that's sensible, isn't it? Of course you can put the case through if you want to. Mr Hedgley has asked my advice. If he still desires it, all right—that's my business, gentlemen. But I would rather see you settle it quietly. It's clear enough that you can't both win the case in court. But you can do as you like.'

The force of these remarks was not altogether lost on Haskins, whose temper was easily cooled; but anything he might have said of a pacific

nature was thrust back by Mr Hedgley's observations.

'If the land's mine,' said Mr Hedgley, 'I want it. If it isn't, the law'll show it. That's all I've got to say.'

'All right,' said Haskins with great cheerfulness, 'you kin crack on.—I'm sorry I disturbed you, squire. You must excuse me. Good-day.'

Haskins thereupon seized his hat and strode out.

Before Mr Hedgley left it was understood that action for damages on account of trespass was to be entered forthwith against his neighbour. He had not greatly relished the lawyer's plain speaking, but the latter had a high reputation in cases of this kind, and Mr Hedgley had a shrewd eye on the main chance. He pocketed his resentment and agreed to pay his fee.

The next day it was known to all the people of Plunkett Settlement that Hedgley and Haskins had had a row, and that Hedgley had sued Haskins for trespass. And people took sides, as people will, and there was much profound discussion of the whole subject.

Lawyer White, after his latest client had gone, resumed his seat and his paper with this remark to himself; 'Another pair of idiots will have heavy costs to pay by-and-by, and when they have settled the bills they will say that the lawyers are the curse of the country.'

OUR IRON INDUSTRY.

By W. T. JEANS,

Author of *Creators of the Age of Steel*.

THERE appears to be a good deal of uncertainty or perplexity in the public mind at present as to the exact position of our iron and steel industry. Hitherto this industry has been regarded as the backbone of our manufacturing power, and for many years during the present century it was believed that our supremacy in metallurgy rested upon mineral possessions which nature had bountifully bestowed upon this country, and to a large extent withheld from others. As the century, which has been described as the iron age of England's greatness, is drawing to a close, that supremacy is being questioned.

This is not, however, the first time that our metallurgical prosperity has been under a cloud and has emerged from it with renewed vigour. When this century opened a similar cloud darkened its infantine prospects. In 1810 it was officially reported that the trade of Birmingham, Sheffield, and other centres of iron-making was quite at a standstill, and that there were no orders for execution there except a few for home consumption. A similar condition of collapse has been attributed to the trade over and over again as the century rolled on, but on each occasion this has turned out to be the darkest hour before the dawn of a fresh period of prosperity. There is good reason for believing that we are likely to experience a similar disillusion on the present occasion.

Generally speaking, each period of depression has also become a period of transition either in the methods of production or the incidence of distribution. It is therefore worth while to

survey the salient features of the trade and see whether there is solid ground for hope instead of despair as to the future; remembering the dictum of Hallam that a calm, comprehensive study of (industrial) history, not in such scraps or fragments as the partisans of our ephemeral literature obtrude upon us, is the best antidote to extravagant apprehensions.

In the beginning of this century it was the invention of Henry Cort for refining iron by puddling that made this country independent of Russia and Sweden for supplies of iron, but it was not till 1830 that our iron trade assumed the dimensions of a great industry. In 1828, Neilson, an engineer at the Glasgow Gas Works, discovered at a smith's forge that a hot blast was superior to a cold blast in making iron, and in the course of the next quarter of a century our production of iron increased threefold. In the contemporary literature of that period it was avowed that this rapid increase was in part caused by the economy introduced through the use of the hot blast in smelting, and that that process, which had materially lowered the cost of iron, had led to its employment for many new purposes.

After this period of expansion the production of iron was, comparatively speaking, stationary for nearly ten years, and then came the great invention of Sir Henry Bessemer for the conversion of iron into steel by simply blowing air into the molten metal in a large, egg-shaped vessel called a converter. By this means the superfluous carbon in the iron was consumed, but the phosphorus, another superfluous and deleterious element, remained. It was therefore found that only iron free from phosphorus could be converted into steel, and as England had an exceptional supply of ore of that quality the steel trade flourished here more than elsewhere. In the quarter of a century that followed the invention of the Bessemer converter, the production of iron in this country was doubled, but during the last ten years of that period it remained almost stationary.

At the end of that period came the basic process, by which phosphorus could be eliminated from the molten iron in the Bessemer converter and in the open hearth—another process for converting iron into steel that had meanwhile been coming into use. The elimination of phosphorus was effected by lining the converter with bricks made of magnesian limestone burned till as hard as flint. The phosphorus, of which there is only a very small percentage in the iron, likes this material and adheres to it in the converter, whence the molten liquid, after a blow of cold air, flows, freed from carbon and phosphorus. The discovery of this improvement, the work of three metallurgists, enabled all iron-producing countries to make steel, as almost any quality of ore or iron can now be used for that purpose.

Such being the case, every cloud on the horizon is now regarded as an omen of our lost supremacy. But that is a short-sighted view. This country was the greatest iron producer in the world before the dawn of the age of steel. Each of the epoch-making inventions we have mentioned tended materially to reduce the cost of production; and, curiously enough, now that most countries are put upon a footing of equality as regards the

possibility of producing steel, attention is again being directed to the most efficient and economic means of producing iron. The chief factor in this problem is the construction of the blast-furnace, and in respect of blast-furnace practice England is still in the van of progress. It is well known that in the shipping trade success now largely depends upon the adoption of the latest improvements in shipbuilding as giving increased speed and economy of fuel in proportion to the locomotive power used. So it is with the blast-furnace. In 1880, when the basic process was regarded as likely to revolutionise the steel trade, Sir William Siemens said that a ton of fuel ought to smelt a ton of iron, and eminent iron manufacturers treated that view as the theory of a visionary; but it is now becoming an accomplished fact. Not only has the rate of production increased, but the consumption of fuel has decreased. It was then believed in the trade that the quantity of coke required to smelt a ton of iron would continue to be 23 cwt., and the average production of the blast-furnace then was between 500 and 600 tons a week. Now, the present British practice, says Mr E. W. Richards, one of the greatest authorities on the subject, averages, from ores containing 50 per cent. of iron, 1000 tons of iron a week, with a strong tendency to increase, and the coke consumed varies from 18½ cwt. to 20 cwt. per ton of iron. The invention of firebrick stoves and their adoption instead of cast-iron pipe stoves, effected a saving of 2½ cwt. of coke, as well as made possible an increased rate of production. Improvements in the shape and size of the blast-furnace are continually being made for the purpose of promoting these objects, but the details of these improvements are too technical for popular description. Moreover, different districts and different ores require different types of furnace; and one of the secrets of success in the iron trade is to know the best type of furnace that in a particular district or under special conditions will yield the best results. Practical skill and inventive ingenuity here find ample field for profitable exercise.

In this power of constructing the costly apparatus that produces the cheapest iron, this country has always been pre-eminent. All the great inventions that have cheapened the price of iron have been made by Englishmen; and with the exception of Neilson's discovery of the hot blast, which Dr Ure said was accidental, they have all been the result of researches intentionally made to effect the end in view. Why, then, should not this country, which has hitherto been the birth-place of metallurgical improvements, continue to hold that distinction? The incentive to improvement is as great as ever. The history of the iron trade is one long and striking illustration of the old adage that necessity is the mother of invention.

Our adaptability to changing conditions is marvellous. In 1881, in referring to the probable effect of the basic process, the then President of the Iron and Steel Institute said that when that process became a proved success, 'We may expect to have secured a great national gain, and the importation of expensive ores will probably cease.' He added: 'It is quite possible that even now the export of hematite ores from foreign

ports is nearly at its maximum, and therefore any further expansion of the steel trade must be sought for in the smelting of those ores which up to this period have not been thought suitable. Since that was said our imports of foreign ores have been doubled, and during the present year about one-third of the total iron production of this country is being made from Spanish ores.

A good deal of stress is commonly laid upon differences in wages, in hours of labour, and cost of transport in different countries; but national comparisons based upon these details are generally misleading. In like manner, attention is now and then directed to the fact that in recent years production has not increased by leaps and bounds. But even from this point of view our progress, though not uniform, has on the whole been maintained. In the quarter of a century that followed Neilson's discovery of the hot blast, our iron production increased by about three million tons a year. In the next quarter of a century, beginning with the advent of the Bessemer process, the annual production of iron again increased by about three millions; and there is every reason to believe that during the current quarter of a century, beginning with the basic process, the production will show an increase of over three million tons a year.

Again, we occasionally hear of great progress made by other countries in our markets, and this naturally causes alarm. For instance, Lord George Hamilton, in submitting the Indian budget to the House of Commons in August last, said: 'There are two forms in which steel and iron are imported into India—in the shape of rails or railway material, and in bars or bulk. This country practically monopolises the imports of railway material, but I think this is rather due to the fact that the policy of the Government is to give some preference to home production. But when we come to steel and iron in bulk there is a remarkable shrinkage in British imports into India. Twelve years ago we had 97 per cent. of the total imports of iron and steel into India, but according to the last returns our percentage has shrunk to 56 per cent., while Belgium has risen during these years from 24 per cent. to 39 per cent. These figures are those of iron and steel in bulk. Now,' he added, 'I think there are some people who maintain that foreign competition is a bogey, but here there is clear and distinct evidence that in regard to a manufacture of which we had a practical monopoly, we are gradually being ousted.'

That is one of the most alarming statements ever made on this subject. What are the facts? To begin with, the average total imports of iron and steel into India only amount to about one-thirtieth part of our total exports of these articles, and if we did not send another ton of iron to India it would not appreciably affect the iron trade of this country. Then, again, the exports from Belgium to India reached their maximum in 1893-94—the year in which the great coal strike in this country temporarily crippled the iron trade by greatly increasing the cost and restricting the supply of fuel—a year when, in consequence, our total exports of iron were the lowest recorded for many years. Since then our production of iron has increased by more than a million tons a year, and our total exports this

year are at the rate of a million more, while the production of Belgium and Germany has, comparatively speaking, been almost stationary in these years.

THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

CHAPTER X.—THE CONSPIRATORS BAFFLED.

AFTER one has arrived at a certain stage of weariness there comes a time when one grows careless as to fatigue, if not almost unconscious of it. It was so in our case. During the previous twenty-four hours we had ridden eighty miles at express speed, had been engaged in a battle lasting upwards of six hours, and, as if that were not enough, were now starting back on a similar journey to that from which we felt we had only just arrived. For the first eight or ten miles we were so buoyed up by the excitement of the enterprise upon which we were embarking, that we had scarce a thought for anything save the necessity of speed. Then the dull monotony of the ride settled upon us, in which the reiterated sameness of the jungle scenery, and the steady, almost mechanical movements of our horses, played such a part that it appeared as if we were destined to continue in the same employment throughout eternity. That we should reach the capital in time to be of any use to the garrison struck us as being quite as improbable as that there could be a termination put to our anxiety. Like the idea of death to a young man in the full tide of his health and strength, both contingencies seemed so remote as to require no consideration, and yet it was towards both that every stride was carrying us.

The horse upon which the king was mounted was a dark bay with black points, standing upwards of sixteen hands. Mine was a black, half a hand shorter, but boasting, if possible, a little more breeding. Both were magnificent animals, born and bred in the king's stables, and trained under his own personal supervision. Fortunately for us they were in the very pink of condition, and having been born in the country, were stronger than any imported animals could have been. On this occasion their strength and endurance would be tested to the uttermost, and what would become of us if either should prove unworthy of the trust reposed in him I dared not think. Upon their swiftness depended a king's throne, a nation's independence, a young child's future, and his parents' lifelong happiness; surely load enough for two uncomprehending beasts.

The sun was beyond his meridian as we left the camp, he was lying on the tree-tops like a ball of fire when we forded the Ki-yin River, and told each other that the first twenty-five miles of our journey were accomplished. Ahead of us a yawning gulf of fifty miles still lay and looked as if it could never be overcome.

Crossing the river, the waters of which showed blood-red in the glorious sunset, we climbed the opposite bank and then pulled our horses up

for a few moments' rest within a *tope* of palms that grew beside a ruined temple. With the exception of a horde of monkeys in the trees overhead, and a couple of crocodiles basking upon the mud a hundred yards or so farther down the bank, we were the only living creatures to be seen. The evening breeze rustled the jungle foliage and moaned among the ruins of the temple which stood up gaunt and lonesome amid the bush and which must have been old when England was young. It was not a cheering sound by any manner of means, and neither of us were sorry when it was time to tighten our girths again and continue our ride. As we settled ourselves in our saddles, and took up our reins, I stole a glance at the king. To judge from his face, his heart might have been holding all the accumulated sorrow of the world. He looked wretchedly ill, and I could not help thinking that if he reached the end of the journey it would be as much as he could possibly accomplish. Even that appeared impossible.

The sun sank lower and lower behind the trees, and as he disappeared the shadows lengthened upon the ground. Still our horses preserved their even pace, and side by side we sped along, now dodging the boughs of trees and masses of overhanging creeper, now avoiding a treacherous pool, now disturbing a brace of jackals at their evening meal, anon swinging out into open glades where the frightened deer gave one glance at us and then disappeared like lightning flashes into the surrounding forest. Once, sinking through the undergrowth, we espied a tiger making his way to his favourite hunting ground. He was not twenty paces from us, and as we passed he drew back his lips, and uttered that peculiar coughing sound that only a tiger makes when he feels that fate is against his hunting, and he will probably go supperless to bed. A moment later we had left him to his solitude, and were speeding on as if to meet the rising moon.

The pale goddess of the night was sailing high in a cloudless sky as we climbed the low range that marked the half-way line of our journey. Over our heads rose the bluff outline of the hill, with every peak, every rock, and every feather-topped palm standing out in silhouette against the steel-gray sky. Behind us the jungle stretched like a dark sea, broken here and there with a touch of silver, where the moon's rays caught the still water of some pool or river. A night bird called from among the rocks, otherwise the landscape was as still and silent as a place of the dead.

Reaching the spot we had been aiming for, a small plateau situated almost at the summit of the hill, we pulled our horses up, and descending from our saddles, unloosed our girths, and slipped the bits from their mouths. A small pool lay among the rocks to our right, and our tired animals, which, as may be imagined, were thirsty after their long journey, became impatient to get to it. But heated as they were, it would have been the wildest folly possible to have permitted such a thing, so we contented ourselves with rubbing them down with handfuls of grass, and then, having secured

them to a tree, threw ourselves upon the ground and stretched our tired limbs.

'It is just eight o'clock,' said the king, who had consulted his watch, 'and we have still forty miles before us. Can we do it, think you? Will the horses hold out?'

'They must,' I answered. 'They are generous creatures, and we must ride them to the death if need be.'

Unable to remain still for many minutes at a time, the king rose, and crossing the little open space, stood with his elbows resting upon a rock, gazing down at the moon-lit plain. Feeling that it would be the wisest course to leave him to his own thoughts, I did not disturb him, but contented myself by attending to the horses with what strength I could muster for the work. Finding that they had in a great measure recovered their coolness, I led them to the pool and allowed them to swallow a dozen mouthfuls of water each. This done, I permitted them to feed for a moment upon the luscious green grass that surrounded the pool, and then led them back to their tree, and once more made them fast. After that I drew from my holster the flask, which I had taken the precaution to fill before leaving the camp, and also the biscuits I had placed there. Approaching the king, I poured him out a cupful of brandy and water, and to be certain that he took it I watched him drink it. The biscuit he refused point-blank, asserting that to attempt to make him eat anything in his present state would inevitably be to choke him. As soon as I had finished my own meal, the time we had arranged to allow ourselves for rest was at an end, and we unhitched our horses, and having girthed them up, swung ourselves into the saddles. Then for the first time since we had set out, I really discovered how tired and stiff I was. To move caused me the most exquisite torture, and to lift my weight into the saddle nearly brought a cry from my lips. The horses, however, seemed much refreshed by the spell, and made their way up the hillside in a very different fashion to that in which they had approached the pool. Reaching the top, we began our descent, and in somewhat less than half-an-hour were moving swiftly across the plain on the other side of which the capital was situated.

You must try to imagine for yourself, my dear Forsyth, my feelings during the ride that followed. For some time a peculiar waking nightmare possessed me. One moment I imagined myself back in England, and strangely enough, in my place in the Lords, during a debate on the question of the independence of the Médangs; at another I was on my yacht's deck, speeding across the Gulf of Siam to the king's assistance. Then I would seem to wake to the reality of my position, and with a word or two of encouragement to the king, would urge my horse to greater efforts. Long before the first twenty miles of the second half of our journey had been accomplished our animals were showing unmistakable signs of fatigue. It was plain that they were less careful of their footing than before, reeled somewhat in their gait, and on one occasion my poor beast stumbled upon a tree root and came within an

ace of hurling me headlong in the centre of the track. Knowing that it would mean the complete shattering of all our hopes if we rode them out to the bitter end, I called upon the king to stop. At first he did not hear me, but on my repeating my cry he pulled up, and turning in his saddle faced me.

'What is it?' he cried huskily. 'Why do you stop? For heaven's sake, man, remember how much depends upon our speed.'

'I do remember,' I answered, as I sprang to the ground. 'And I also know that if we do not rest our horses we shall not reach our destination. My animal is almost done, and yours is not much better. We must give them a quarter of an hour at any hazard.'

'A quarter of an hour?' he cried, in a voice that went to my heart, so full of pain was it. 'Do you know what a quarter of an hour may mean? It may mean death to every hope I have in life, and destruction to all I hold dear in the world.'

'To ride that animal another mile will mean worse even than that,' I answered with brutal candour. 'To give them a chance to recover themselves a little may mean your salvation. Come, my friend, descend from your saddle, and let me look at your beast.'

With that he dismounted, and instantly fell full length upon the ground, his legs being no longer equal to the task of sustaining his weight. I gave him another drink from my flask, and when I had taken one myself, proceeded to look after the horses. First I removed the saddle of the animal the king had been riding, and then, holding him by the bridle, allowed him to roll upon the soft grass. When he had done so, and after he had shaken himself, he scrambled to his feet again. I then allowed my own beast to follow his example, which he did without waste of time. After that I rubbed them both down with some dry grass as before, and resaddled them. This work finished, I rinsed their mouths with brandy and water from my flask, and then informed the king that I thought we might proceed again. With the word his strength seemed to come back to him like magic; he sprang to his feet without the assistance which I stood ready to give, and reached his saddle. Having seen him safely there, I mounted my own beast, and we then recommenced our ride.

Even after this long interval, the agonies of the next hour and a half seem as fresh to me as when I was enduring them. Slowly, and to the accompaniment of pains that racked me with every stride my horse took, the miles drifted by, until we were not more than ten miles distant from the capital. Small as was the distance compared with what we had already overcome, yet it seemed as if we should never be able to accomplish it. The horses no longer moved with any spring, but with a strained action that now grew more jerky and more uncertain with each succeeding mile. Already the jungle was thinning out, and signs that we were approaching the city were becoming more and more apparent. In another half hour at most, if only Providence would support our tired beasts, we felt we ought to be seeing the

gray peak of the castle rise before us. Then the town once behind us, nothing but the steep path to the citadel would remain between us and those we wished to reach. But would Providence uphold our horses for that length of time? That was the question which caused us such untold anguish.

THE BALMORAL OF SPAIN.

THE history of the famous palace of La Granja, set among the pine woods on the northern slopes of the jagged Guadarrama Sierras, is eccentric and thoroughly Spanish. His Majesty Philip V., much oppressed by religious and state cares, was, while hunting in these glorious woods, struck one day by the quietude and extreme isolation of a certain farmstead, then in the possession of some monks of the neighbouring town of Segovia. He decided to build a little hermitage for himself in the same retreat. Later, he bought the monastic farmstead, and there and then conceived the idea of a palace in these solitudes. Word was issued, and the prodigious task of clearing primeval trees, levelling rocks, and subjugating wanton waters began. The king's French origin made him anxious to have a Versailles in Spain; and, with a truly royal indifference to cost, he decided that his palace in the mountains should resemble the French palace of his forefathers as much as possible. In twenty years, more or less, the deed was done. La Granja (it is a pleasant satire to call it by the homely name of 'Grange'), still embosomed in woods, overhung by mountains, and eternally resonant of waterfalls, is a princely house of stone, with a façade more than one hundred and fifty yards long, enchanting gardens, and scores of fountains. It stands nearly four thousand feet above the sea. A few millions sterling of its expense were repudiated by the king's successor—and very rightly said that king's astute advisers. But the crown kept the palace nevertheless, and for a hundred and fifty years it has been a favourite summer resort of the Spanish court.

It is a glorious spot in the dogdays. No wonder in these days the little town that crouches at the feet of the palace has grown considerably, and now assumes to offer its attractions to the tourists of Madrid. There are hotels open only in the season, and there is talk of a railway. This latter will, no doubt, eventually be made, for there are no difficulties of gradient between La Granja and Segovia, only six miles distant; but Spanish public works are tardy in execution. At present you may get to the palace only by driving, cycling, riding, or on foot.

My approach to it was not of the sensational kind. I crossed the Puerta or pass of the Guadarrama from the south, a couple of thousand feet or more higher than the palace, with superb pine woods all about me, and the snow-touched summits of the mountains clear against the blue sky above. The air here was very welcome after the heat of Madrid; so, too, was the solitude. Now and then, in the

long zig-zags through the woods, I met an oxcart drowsily climbing the ascent—with ear-cracking creaks—or a picturesque person on a mule; else I had the murmurous waters to myself. Memorable, indeed, were the peeps into the deep ravines between the mountains and the distant views of red and yellow Old Castile, which stretches its bleak and barren undulations a hundred miles northward in the direction of Burgos. The woods abounded with violets, and in places the rutted road was fringed for scores of yards with bushes of yellow broom in abundant flower. Butterflies flashed to and fro, some of a huge size. The humming of bees mingled with the remote, slow, tinkling of the bullocks' bells above or below me. Pines, pines, pines, nothing but pines, and so it continued until the road became level, and with little introduction I found myself among the houses of La Granja.

In Madrid and thereabouts for weeks the sun had been scorching everything it could set its rays on. Here all was green and humid. The trees by the broad pleasure walks that radiated from the gilded palace gates were in luxuriant though not full leaf. A seducing trout-stream frolicked among boulders east and west, with patches of shaded grass on its banks that tempted to repose. In the gardens on the north side of the palace—at all times open to the public—flowers were plentiful, and stone seats under lines and magnolias. Men were, nevertheless, watering the rich turf between the beds. The air was cool and sweet, and one had but to look at the faces of the half-a-dozen or so strollers among the palms and pines to realise that, if Philip V. had sought health instead of retirement he did well to spend a few millions at La Granja.

The town is not much. It has no antiquities, and one is rather glad of it. Its houses are of the usual third-rate kind: tall and white in the chief streets, low and dark in what may be called its slums. There is, of course, a marketplace, in which contented old ladies sit in the shade all day, for the most part asleep; while the flies examine their cheeses and fruit, and the chickens make trial of their store. Bread appeared to be the main thing in demand here; and very rightly, methinks, for Spanish bread is seldom aught but good. The church bell rings at intervals near them, but does not distract those serene market-women; and lean dogs prowl about their feet, nosing their goods, ready at a moment's notice to thrust tail between legs and run off yelping in anticipation of the vengeance to come. The men of the town seem even less busy than the women. They too cling to the shade wherever it may be found. The rolling and puffing of cigarettes appears to be their engrossing occupation as they loll against the house walls. In the two or three cafés, however, there is the more furious pastime of dominoes, love of which possesses so many mild Spanish souls.

One does not expect to find tall chimneys and factories in a place like La Granja, nor are they there; but the little town is not without one very special article of industry. It makes glass and notable looking-glasses. I realise this only when I have been accepted as

a guest at the one hotel that chances to be open. It is difficult not to exclaim at the lavish mirrors in the dining-room (well protected against the flies), and the still more extensive mural glasses in the vast chamber that is given me for the night. My bedroom is, indeed, almost bewildering, there is so illusive an air of population about it. But the loquacious lady of the house explains everything: it is her duty and joy to patronise the local products, which are generally, she says, much admired by her guests; and so I too praise them, though they do show me up as an abominably heated and dusty biped, and assure her that with their aid I shall be ready for the noontide meal sooner than if they were not. His Majesty Charles III., it appears, established this mirror factory here. The kings of France had done the same thing at Versailles: this seemed a good enough reason to the sapient Spanish monarch for taking artisans into the pine woods of La Granja. Conceivably, at first, the industry was designed for the sole supply of glass to the adjacent palace; but it has grown out of that, and now has a national repute. One meets La Granja mirrors in other palaces of Spain and also in general use.

My landlady asks me if I like 'sardines,' and I reply with indifference. If she wishes me to eat sardines, I tell her, I will do so without a murmur; but it turns out she means 'jardines,' a very different matter—'Do I wish to see the royal gardens?' in fact. The Spanish 'j' is a most beguiling letter, with as little in common with our 'j' as it is possible to imagine. Of course I desire to see what Philip V., poor melancholic man, got from the Guadarrama Sierras in exchange for the nation's millions. And so my landlady's little boy—a very intelligent child—is sent post-haste with my card to the royal administrator of the palace, to obtain the necessary permission to see all that is to be seen at La Granja. Meanwhile, I breakfast on Highland trout and beef-steak, and drink the very fair white wine of the place. In spite of the mirrors that surround me (with disappointed flies clamorous about the tissue that protects their gilding), it is like eating in the dark; for, with the Spaniard's terror of the noonday sun, my landlady has closed the shutters, so that only a faint wisp of light falls through a chink upon the table. There are pictures on the walls, and the gloom seems so unfair to them that, grasping my opportunity, I bare them to the sunshine. But they are of the bad tragic kind, and I decide after all that the room looks best in the dark. The man with an imagination carries furniture with him wherever he goes.

The royal palace, on the other hand, proves anything but dark. It abounds in windows, for which Philip V. may receive a certain amount of credit. Though sad-hearted, he was not of so sombre a turn as his great predecessor, the second Philip, whose apartments (or rather dens) at the Escorial depress quite as much as the written records of his last days. For the rest, the palace is pretty much what one expects. There are scores of rooms upholstered in every shade of silk and satin, from daffodil yellow to carnation red, mirrors and

glass chandeliers innumerable; clocks also innumerable; prodigious frescoes on ceilings and walls, for the most part prodigiously bad as works of art, though resplendent for their colours. I was much impressed by the clocks. Monarchs have their hobbies, like private persons with limited incomes; and one of these Spanish sovereigns is said to have had a mania for clocks. Among the hundreds of others were two courtly old things with the name French of Cornhill upon them. It may have been fancy, but they seemed to stand with an air of contempt for the gilt timepieces under glass, which a hundred years ago were their rivals. On this day, however, they were all equally dumb.

There are pictures enough in the palace, and also statues. But these too are all fourth or fifth-rate, or copies. The real treasures of art of La Granja have long ago been carried to Madrid. One does not care very much for the Bourbon portraits, which are the main objects of interest on the palace walls. As individuals, these royal personages were singularly ill-looking. One perceives it here as well as in the National Gallery of Madrid. The marvel is that they did not themselves notice the fact and forbear multiplying presentments of themselves. Even the palace lackey smiles as he introduces their defunct majesties to the stranger; and yet you would suppose he must have got used to them.

It is far better outside in the gardens, with the mountain summits towering above the tree-tops. I am not even seduced to moralising indoors by the tale of the historic and other events which have occurred in the palace. The table upon which Queen Christina, in 1836, here signed the Constitution of 1812, under pressure from a troop of common soldiers, is shown with a certain reverence. I am told too that the impudent Godoy here settled the compact which led to the Peninsular War and the death of so many brave men. But the voices of the waters in the woods are better than these dead events, better even than the bloated tombs of King Philip V. and his wife in the palace church, with their portraits once more in relief against the marble. The rest of Spain's kings and queens for centuries lie in the rich but solemn vault at the Escorial. Philip V. would have none of the Escorial. He thought to establish a brighter Pantheon here. But his influence in this matter was confined to himself and his wife.

The gardens and the natural woods are the thing at La Granja. These merge into one another. It is infinitely better than at Versailles, where Nature seems ever to play a secondary part. And how enormously the advantage is increased by the close presence of the noble mountains, with their forests and gray bare summits, snow-spotted, backing the royal demesne south, east, and west. Standing on the terrace of the palace, one listens for the grunt of a wild boar; nor would it be strange to see a stag moving down one of these leafy avenues, fresh from his native solitudes.

Still, there is no forgetting the artificiality of the palace, at first. From the façade, miles of walks proceed with cold precision. You go a hundred yards and come to a huge fountain

of tritons or nymphs or gods and goddesses. Hence you see other fountains, just as vast, in all directions; and isolated statues among the trees, those of marble hooded with wooden shelters, those of baser material left to weather as they may. On this common day all the fountains are silent, save for the babble as the waters flow in and out of their marble basins. But on festivals they still rise among the trees, shooting a hundred feet and more into the air and with a complex cross-play of jets that say much for the ingenuity of Messrs Fremin, Thierry, Dumandre, Pitué, and the others who in respective generations have devoted their genius to La Granja. One goes among these fountains slightly predisposed to mock them as intruders in this nook of Nature. But they are not to be contemned. They really do dignify the place. I am told that royal princes have for many a year bathed in one or other of these delightful marble tanks with the living water in them. It is more than credible.

But, having at length shaken off my attendant, I give myself up to the woods, which are the best feature of La Granja. I am free to roam in the royal plantations where I please, and lose myself in Nature's plantation beyond if I please. This however seems impossible, so numerous are the thready paths, all converging upon the palace below. Still, some of them are almost wiped out a mile or more from the town; and here I can climb among big granite boulders, mossed and brambled, and fancy I am where man never yet set foot—the last white statue peeping round a tree-trunk is at least half-a-mile distant. And the blue pigeons cooing in the oaks and pines overhead seem in no terror of gunshot. The voice of the waters is still with me, and here and there the clear streams may be seen rushing among the grass and brambles. But these are quite untrammelled. They are straight from their rocky sources in the Guadarrama; cool and sweet to the palate.

It is said that more than seven thousand trees have been planted in avenues at La Granja. Of these, limes, elms, and the Indian chestnut are the most conspicuous. The lime especially seems to enjoy the moist though cool uplands. Its leafage in May is good to see. But away from the area of the plantation-gardener one is among oaks and pines, and farther still pines only; and this is better than even the fresh, methodical green of the perfumed limes. The woods are tricked out with forget-me-nots, hyacinths, cowslips, and many another English wild-flower. The brambles grip each other and make walls from tree to tree. The gold of the broom gleams ever among the verdure. And the blue sky of Spain domes all.

Philip V. did better even than, in all probability, he believed in making a nest for his royal self at La Granja.

I spent all the hours of an afternoon in these charming woods: now regaining the statues, and smoking a cigarette at the feet of a Venus or a Daphne; and now meandering afresh towards the mountains. With the approach of evening the coolness becomes marked. But it is not so pronounced that the ladies of La Granja, who have the *entrée* of the gardens, care

to wear on their heads more than the mantilla. Their graceful black forms (I allude to their dresses) contrast strongly with the white statues. Perhaps they are as beautiful as these marble prototypes of beauty, perhaps they are not. The time and place envelop them in a certain mist of romance.

The stars usher in yet one more charm for La Granja. The snow of the Guadarrama shines against the heavens, like a motionless moonlit cloud, and the running waters talk on under the moon even more loudly than in the full glare of the day.

'WANTED, FOUR GOOD ROCK-DRILLERS.'

A JOHANNESBURG STORY.

'WANTED, four good rock-drillers at Henrietta mine; permanent work for competent men. Apply between three and five p.m. at Grand National Hotel.'

The Grand National is perhaps the best known of all the Johannesburg hotels, which fact is probably owing to its central position, having a long frontage in Rissik Street, which leads from the Park Railway Station into the central part of the town. It also possesses the largest vestibule of any Johannesburg hotel, which patrons find useful for making appointments.

On the afternoon of the day on which the above advertisement appeared, Mr Leonard Winstanley, the sub-manager, was seated in the smoking-room waiting to see what answers it would bring forth. He was not very sanguine, for it was the autumn of '95, and the mines were working well, competent workmen were scarce, and he anticipated only partial success would reward his two hours' vigil. Soon after three, however, a black waiter came to inform him that a man was waiting to see him in the vestibule. The sub-manager promptly rose, and, following the waiter, was conducted to a spruce, dapper little man standing in the vestibule, who held in his hand a copy of the *Johannesburg Standard*, in which the advertisement had appeared. The man touched his cap, and explained that he had come in answer to the advertisement.

'What experience have you had rock-drilling?'

'I have been over twelve months at it, sir, at the Simmer and Jack.'

'And why have you left?'

'Had a row with the mining manager, sir. You will find me quite competent if you give me a trial. The usual wages I suppose?'

'Yes. Can you start to-morrow? I leave here at nine o'clock.'

'Right, sir. Do you want any other men?'

'I do. Do you know of any?'

'Well, sir, as it 'appens, I can find you three good men.'

'Then by all means bring them here at once.'

'I couldn't well do that. Bill Budgen is lodging in Jeppe Town, and Sam Colwin in Bloemfontein, and as for Joe Higgins I don't know where 'e's living, but I'm sure to find him to-night at the Pirates' bar in Commissioner Street. I think I can guarantee we shall all four be here to-morrow morning.'

Mr Winstanley hesitated a moment. He ought to see the men before engaging them, and he must

return to-morrow morning. To hunt up these men would take the rest of the day, and this man could do that as well as he. Life on a mine is very slow, it is a little world of its own; there were far more agreeable ways of spending this brief holiday, there were several friends to call on, a dinner invitation, and the Empire to finish with.

'What is your name?' he asked.

'Henry Smith, sir.'

'Very well, Smith, I will rely on you. You are sure that these three men have all had previous experience?'

Mr Smith was both positive and eloquent on the point, so finally Mr Winstanley cut him short, and dismissing him, prepared to make the most of his holiday.

According to his orders a carriage was waiting outside the hotel next morning at nine o'clock. The Henrietta, as every one knows, is ten miles distant from Johannesburg over the veldt, and is a prosperous dividend-paying mine. The four rock-drillers were standing by the carriage when the sub-manager emerged from the vestibule. One of them was small and spruce like Smith, the other two broad-shouldered, burly men, of powerful build. Mr Winstanley surveyed them with satisfaction. 'Evergreen,' he said to himself, referring to his chief, 'will be pleased with these men.'

He handed in his handbag, got into the trap, the four men following, and they started. Soon they left the town behind, and followed a rough road over the veldt. The scenery round Johannesburg is by no means pretty, the absence of trees giving it a bare look; the grass, too, is generally scanty, and the undulating plain is barren of all points of interest. More than half the distance had been traversed; the sub-manager sitting silently by the driver, the men in the rear conversing in whispers among themselves. Suddenly Smith said: 'I guess we had better turn off here;' so saying, he came forward, and jerking the reins out of the driver's hands, turned the horses' heads to the right. Mr Winstanley uttered an exclamation, and rose to his feet, but the two big men behind laid violent hands on him, and each gripping a wrist, forced him down again. Almost speechless with astonishment and rage, he tried to demand an explanation.

'Just sit quiet, sir, a minute,' said Smith soothingly; 'I'll explain it all directly.' He drove over the veldt—it was a rough drive, there being no road, and the cart jolted over big stones; presently they came to a queer little natural amphitheatre or hollow in the ground. The veldt sloped down all round, leaving a few square yards of perfectly flat surface in the middle. By this he drew rein, and getting out, gave the reins again to the driver. Mr Winstanley, freed from the restraining grasp of his captors, followed, and then the other men, these latter proceeding to take from the trap a bundle of iron posts and some rope and other bundles. Mr Smith handed the driver two sovereigns.

'Just you sit still,' he said, 'and when you've driven us back you shall have three more.'

Then he turned to Mr Winstanley.

'Now, sir, let me 'ave the honour to introduce you to Jim Rivers, the heavy-weight champion of New South Wales, and the other gents is Pat

Murphy, champion of America, and his trainer Joe Cohen. I'm Jim's trainer myself.'

'What, the prize-fighters,' cried Mr Winstanley; 'but what does all this mean? I have engaged you all as rock-drillers.'

Mr Smith grinned. 'I guess you won't get any rock-drilling out of us at a pound a day. Why, Jim and Pat can both earn their fifty quid a week at the 'alls. No, sir, this is how it is. We've been playing a little "roodegar" on you, as the French say. As you know, since the Ryan-Goddard fight, prize-fighting in public has been stopped by order of the police, and we wanted a quiet little mill with Pat, the genuine sort, to see which is the better man, 'cause Pat just beat Busby as we're trying to match with Jim 'ere, and we're so watched and followed that we just pretended to engage ourselves to you to get out of the town without bein' noticed, and Pat fights best in the open; and there you are, you see.'

Mr Winstanley did not understand all this; but the fact that he had been taken in became very obvious, and his language as he fully recognised this fact became 'frequent, and painful, and free.'

'Now what's the good of cussin',' protested Smith; 'you're going to see as pretty a fight as ever was, and I'm goin' to ask you, sir, to act as timekeeper.'

Mr Winstanley sadly recognised his fate, and relapsed into silence, and gloomily watched the men erect the ring and strip for action; he even accepted the watch Smith handed him, and listened to his instructions as to when to call time. 'In for a penny, in for a pound,' he soliloquised. 'I can't get away, and I may only get knocked about if I refuse. But I'll not rest till I see that scoundrel Smith in the dock.' His wish was gratified even sooner than he anticipated.

Meantime the men were ready and in the ring, and at a given signal the fight began. The first few rounds were very slow, the men exercising the utmost caution, then as they warmed to their work the pace got quicker. It was very pretty fighting, for both men fought with the utmost fairness, neither clinching nor attempting to foul. In spite of himself the sub-manager began to get interested, and followed the fight with the closest attention.

With equal interest the driver on his box looked on, and as for the two seconds they never took their eyes off their men.

The fight had been in progress over half an hour, neither man having gained any advantage, both 'going strong,' as Mr Smith expressed it, when the inevitable interruption occurred. The sound of wheels near at hand made the principals pause and the engrossed spectators turn their heads. But it was too late. A big wagonette was close by, and a posse of policemen were even now descending from it. Flight was impossible, and next moment the prize-fighters, their seconds, and the unfortunate timekeeper were under arrest, and found themselves the prisoners of no less a person than Van Dorlop, the chief inspector. This gentleman was in high feather at the capture.

'You were not quite clever enough, mine good friends. Did you think you could trick me? I had my eye on you the whole time, but your plan

was rather clever, Mr Winstanley? I fear it will also be rather expensive. I didn't know this was in your line.'

Mr Winstanley had a slight acquaintance with the chief inspector, and drawing him aside hastily told his tale.

'I assure you,' he concluded, 'it was I who was taken in; ask any of the men if it was not so. Do allow me to return to the Henrietta in the carriage, for the driver is equally innocent.'

The chief inspector smiled in reply.

'My friend, I fear I cannot let you go. Do you—what is your phrase—"see any colour in my eye?" No, that story will not wash itself. You must return with your fellow-prisoners, and accompany them to the police-station.'

Vainly did the unhappy man loudly protest, and ineffectually appeal to his former companions to corroborate his story; sunk in dismal dejection at their capture, they heeded not his complaints.

'Twenty quid apiece this 'ere little job will cost us,' mournfully said Mr Smith as he ascended the wagonette, 'and no good done neither. An' they call this a sportin' country.'

Mr Winstanley was given the place of honour next the chief inspector, and the wagonette returned; sad were his reflections on the journey. He would have to send a mounted messenger to Mr Evergreen to come and bail him out. He had lost his rock-drillers, but that was a minor point. His position was very disagreeable. If his story was believed he looked a fool; if not, his reputation as a business man was seriously damaged. A sub-manager sent to fetch workmen, and instead participating in a prize-fight, and ending the day in the police-station—anything sounded better than that.

There was also a disagreeable notoriety about the end of the drive which added to his discomfort, and assured him unmistakably that his share in the boxing fiasco could not be hidden. News of the interrupted prize-fight had got about, and of the capture of the participants. The streets were thronged with people awaiting them, who cheered derisively when they appeared. With shame and disgust Mr Winstanley saw himself recognised by various acquaintances, whose interest and amusement in the spectacle was heightened by sight of him sitting beside the chief inspector.

But the crowning drop in his cup of misery was to come. With a start of horror he saw himself recognised by Mrs O'Brian and her charming daughter Eva—Miss Eva, in whose eyes he was very anxious to stand well, and with whom (for she was accounted literary) he had only the previous afternoon been discussing Browning and Ibsen.

But help was at hand; there was no need to send to the Henrietta for Mr Evergreen. Two friends who had seen him in the wagonette came to offer to bail him out, and even this was unnecessary, for when the law-courts were reached the case was taken at once. Mr Smith and his friends, for contravening the law relating to prize-fighting in public, were severely reprimanded, but let off with a small fine on promising not to repeat the offence. About Mr Winstanley's guilt there was some doubt, but Smith having given evidence of his innocence,

and the others corroborating, there was 'laughter in court,' and finally he was discharged with a very unnecessary caution, and on his promising (which he did with great earnestness) never to do it again, and allowed to leave the court accompanied by his hilarious friends. But he got away from them as soon as possible, and not having the courage to call on Mrs O'Brian personally, took a carriage for the mine, promising himself to write and explain when he got there, which he did, and I fancy he is pardoned. But over his interview with Mr Evergreen we had better draw a veil!

That latter gentleman comes to Johannesburg now when workmen are wanted for the mine.

MY SCRAP-BOOK.

WHENEVER at a loss for something to read, I turn to my scrap-book, throughout whose pages are dotted a curious medley of odds and ends picked up from time to time, during many years, that have struck me as possessing either interest or power to amuse. On the title-page, compared by Vicesimus Knox to the portal of an edifice, I have copied from Evening III. of his *Lucubrations*: 'The mind is nourished by variety of food, the *farrago libelli*, like the body by a commixture of fish, flesh, fowl and vegetable,' a fair index of its miscellaneous contents.

Page 1 opens with a number of curious selections from the Hatch, Match, and Despatch columns of our Dailies, which cannot be quoted for obvious reasons. Among the examples of 'pious sentiments missing their mark' is one, said to come from the North-western Provinces of India, which, though by no means new, is good enough to bear repetition.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. ———,

WHO, AFTER TWENTY YEARS' UNREMITTING LABOUR AS
A MISSIONARY, WAS ACCIDENTALLY SHOT BY HIS
KHIDMATGAR.

'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'

Turning over, I come to what I call my 'Page of Snobs,' people who hark back two or three generations to introduce into a notice some titled ancestor. One such, of a Copper Wedding, appeared a few years back in *The Morning Post*; upon which some wag, thinking to teach the copper-bridegroom a lesson by means of a little harmless cynicism, sent in the following notice, which the same paper accepted and published, in solemn earnest, on the day following:

BRAZEN WEDDING.

POYNTZ-D'ARGENT—CHAMPIGNON—On November 9, 1888, at St Wombat's, Stony Stratford, by the Rev. Peter Brooke Poyntz-d'Argent, father of the bridegroom, and privately owing to affliction in bride's family, the Rev. Maximus Cadwallader Poyntz-d'Argent, B.A., Brasenose, and some time curate-in-charge of Cabbidge, Beds, to Rosy Gillian, only surviving child of Vane Champignon, Esq., of Champignon, Beds, and granddaughter of the late Sir De Horsey Champignon, Kt. of Muckross, and maternal great grandniece of the late Honourable Caroline A. W. Skeggs.

The way in which Maximus Cad is introduced is neat; nor are cabbage beds and the allusion to the mushroom without point.

Then follow several news-cuttings on the

vexed question of The Divining Rod, succeeded in their turn by a number of jokes that have tickled me, from which these two or three are culled at random.

The commanding officer of a corps was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. The man was incorrigible, and remained as dirty as ever. A brilliant idea struck the colonel—Why not march him up and down the ranks, and shame him into decency?—It was done. The untidy warrior, who hailed from the Emerald Isle, was ordered to exhibit himself, and to march up and down the entire regiment, and the men were told to have a good look at him. At the close of the exhibition, the unabashed Pat halted, saluted the colonel, and said, in the hearing of the whole corps, with the utmost coolness: 'Dhirtiast rigimint I iver inspected, sorr!'

The teller of the next tale was walking beside a railway line with a man who was very hard of hearing. A train was approaching, and as it rounded a curve, the whistle gave one of those ear-destroying shrieks which seem to pierce the very heavens. A smile broke over the deaf man's face. 'Hark!' he said, 'there's the first cuckoo I have heard this year.'

The volume would be unworthy of its title did it not contain a few good epigrams, apt quotations, misreadings, and some curious specimens of the art of advertising, which divide between them the next half dozen pages, and give place to a bundle of authentic children's sayings, one of which I cannot refrain from quoting: A mite of four, whose birthday falls on 24th December, when he duly receives his presents, saw his small sister one Xmas morning laden with seasonable gifts, while only a few and trifling fell to his share. On it being explained to him that he had received his the day before, the poor little fellow pulled, oh such a pitiful lip, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed: 'Oh mother! why did you born me so near Christmas!'

As good as any of the repartees is that of the famous Dr Busby, head-master of Westminster two centuries ago, to the celebrated Father Petre, who had been under him as a pupil, and was one of the perverts of James II.'s time. Busby asked him why he had changed his faith. The quondam pupil replied that 'the Lord had need of him.' 'I have read the Scriptures pretty diligently,' said Busby, 'and never read that the Lord had need of anything but once, and then it was of an ass.' This same reference from the Bible was quoted (in the *Standard*, 4th February 1889) a few years since at the end of an 'In Memoriam' notice.

A number of simple recipes are worth having, such as the frosting of glass by painting it with Epsom salts dissolved in beer; and of tests, e.g. of water for organic pollution, by dissolving in it a lump of sugar, corking the bottle tightly, and standing it in the light for a couple of days, when, if no milky cloud appear, it may be considered free; or of arsenical paper-hangings, by touching the beautiful but dangerous green with common spirit of hartshorn or ammonia, a sure test for arsenic, turning it blue.

The next few sheets are devoted to Literary

Curiosities after the style of Poe's Valentine, and furnish examples of curious forms of mental recreation, to anagrams, palindromes, optical illusions, curiosities of figures *et hoc genus omne*, as well as to arithmetical puzzles, of which this subtraction sum seems to perplex people most :

	Poles	Yds.	Ft.	In.
From	4	0	1	7
Take	3	5	2	11

As it stands, this seems a sufficiently puzzling calculation. But it is enormously simplified by stating the lower line in another equivalent form—making it, namely, 4, 0, 1, 5.

The last entry under the heading 'Strange Coincidences' is the one brought to notice in the columns of *The Daily Telegraph* during last March, when the excitement concerning the Transvaal raid was at its height. In a case heard before Judge French at Shoreditch County Court the name of the plaintiff was Jameson, while two of the witnesses for the defence were named Willoughby and Rhodes.

The subject of cricket occupies the closing pages, accounts of matches interlarded with many an amusing anecdote, a couple of which must wind up this rambling sketch of my precious scrap-book, the half of whose treasures have not been touched upon. Volapik, Luminous Paint, Snails as Diet, Origins, Marks on China, Smoky Chimneys, Fairy Rings, Parrot Stories, besides endless notes on matters scientific, are fair samples of the other heterogeneous ingredients of this literary hotch-potch.

'On August 11, 1879,' wrote Arundo, 'I was bowling for Somerset v. Gloucestershire, at Clifton, and with a straight ball struck Dr E. M. Grace, who was batting, on the pads. The appeal for l.b.w. was given in my favour. 'What!' exclaimed the doctor with real or feigned surprise, 'did you say I was out, umpire?' 'Hout, sir,' replied that official, one of the best umpires in England. Then turning to me, he added, *sotto voce*, with grave impressiveness, 'and I never seen a *houler*.'

A certain cricketer, being conscious of his inability, just before his innings, to conduct his performance creditably to his club, owing to his temporary infirmity causing him to see things in a treble light, was, however, persuaded by a comrade to go in and take his luck, and be sure to strike at the middle ball, and all would be well. The first ball unfortunately got him out. When his friend upbraided him for not following his instructions, he explained 'It would have been all right, only I hit the middle ball with the outside bat.'

I may add an incident that this recalls to mind. It befell while I was playing whist at the Murree Club (we did not spell it Mari in those days) in India, one night nineteen years ago. One of our adversaries (A—) had dined not wisely but too well, and during the first hand his partner (B—) had been simply yelling for trumps. At its close he very naturally asked A— if he had not noticed his constant call for trumps:

A—: 'Of course, I did.'

B—: 'Then may I ask why you didn't lead them?'

A—: 'I had a very good reason.'

B—: 'May I ask what your reason was?'

A—: 'Because, if you had given me heaven, I couldn't have told you what trumps were.'

ARTISTIC GLASSWORK.

THE subject of glass and glass-making is one that is of great interest to all mankind, for by its use so many and varied discoveries have been made, and so much comfort given to all persons in all ages; and, as an old writer has aptly put it: 'By its means we are enabled to enjoy the light of heaven and at the same time to exclude the wind and rain, to enjoy beautiful forms of vessels for domestic use, and provide subsidiary means for comfort in seeing and reading;' thus was the first maker of glass employed though without his knowledge or expectation.

There is a kind of glass called native, natural, or volcanic glass—namely, the mineral obsidian, which is found in the vicinity of volcanoes, and was used by the Egyptians and Romans for the making of small artistic vessels; in later times the Mexicans have made use of it. Artificial glass—the glass of commerce—is made by the fusing together of certain silicates of potash with either soda, lime, lead, or other constituents according as ordinary, crystal, crown, or other glass is required. The vitreous material, when taken from the earthen pots, is capable of being drawn out, cast, or blown; the object so formed has next to be slowly cooled, or annealed as it is called, in order to render it less liable to be broken. Some glass is polished, such as crown glass.

The art of glass-making is one of so early a date that its first history is absolutely lost; perhaps the earliest mention there is in connection with it is the tale told by Pliny, in which he states that certain sailors, returning from Egypt with a cargo of soda, were wrecked near Mount Carmel, and that, when cooking their food upon the sandy soil, glass was formed by the action of heat upon the alkali and the sand.

This legend would lead one to suppose that to the Egyptians or Phoenicians must be assigned the invention of glass-making. It was undoubtedly in Egypt that the earliest known piece of glass was manufactured, consisting of a glass bead found some years ago near Thebes, and now to be seen in the British Museum. It is in the form of a lion's head, having certain hieroglyphics beneath, which have been deciphered as constituting the name of the monarch Nuantef IV. of the eleventh dynasty about 2423–2380 B.C. At Beni-Hassan are certain monuments supposed to have been erected 2000 years B.C., and upon one are to be seen representations of Egyptians in the act of taking molten glass from a furnace and blowing it into a vase-shaped object. Another early piece of glass to which an approximate date can be assigned is also a bead bearing the name of Queen Hasheps or Hatasu, sister and co-regent of Thothmes II. and III. of the fifteenth dynasty (*circa* 1450 B.C.); it bears an inscription stating that she was 'beloved of the goddess Ather resident in Uas' or Western Thebes. An important glass object is a little ewer about five inches in height, now in the British Museum, which bears

upon it in hieroglyphics the name of Thothmes III., who lived about 1464 B.C. (the same monarch who caused to be carved the obelisk now to be seen on the Thames Embankment); the ewer is of a light turquoise blue with ornament in dead gold upon a blue ground.

During the excavations made by Sir Henry Layard at Nineveh some very fine specimens of glass were discovered, ranging in dates from the ninth to the first century B.C. The most important specimen, found in the north-west palace, was a small vase of transparent greenish glass, having on one side a lion engraved, and upon the opposite side a line of cuneiform characters giving the name of Sargon, who was king of Assyria in 722 B.C.; this vase was blown in one solid piece and then shaped and hollowed out by a turning machine, the marks of which are still visible. Sargon is mentioned as a contemporary in Isaiah's prophecies. In the twentieth chapter the shameful captivity of Egypt and Ethiopia is prefigured; and to specify the year in which the prophecy takes place it is stated that it was 'in the year that Tartan came unto Ashdod, when Sargon, king of Assyria, sent him.' Among other objects found was a glass lens having opposite convex and plane surfaces, the properties of which could scarcely have been unknown to the Assyrians; it may be regarded as one of the most ancient if not the earliest specimen of a magnifying glass.

Many beautiful little glass vessels have been found in tombs in the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean. For years such objects were thought to have been of Greek manufacture, but it is now considered almost certain that they were made in Phœnicia at the celebrated works at Sidon between the fifth and first centuries B.C. They are distinguished by a deep transparent blue colour, the surface being ornamented by bands of colour, forming zigzag lines, generally of white, turquoise, and yellow. These little vessels were very highly valued by the Greeks and Etruscans, the former of whom do not appear to have largely manufactured glass previous to our era, although small pieces were occasionally used for architectural purposes.

The making of glass would seem to have been introduced into Rome by Egyptian workmen, and in a few years reached a point of perfection which has scarcely been equalled in modern times. The Roman emperors took a great pride in it, and soon an enormous value was set upon choice specimens, it being mentioned by a writer of the time that two vases were sold for the great sum of £49,200 modern money. Almost every variety of glass was made in Rome, and amongst others, a kind of interlacing of bands of threads, both white and coloured, known as mosaic glass, beautiful specimens of which are to be seen in large museums; another kind was that made in moulds, objects such as dried dates, masks of men, fir cones, &c., being represented. But perhaps the most important branch of the art in Rome was that in which a layer of glass of one colour was placed over another, portions of which were carved away, leaving a pattern of one coloured glass upon the lower different coloured layer, such, for example, as is seen in the celebrated Portland Vase. This vase was found in 1644, in a sarcophagus near

Rome, supposed to be that of the Emperor Severus (35 A.D.) and his mother. It measures ten inches in height, and bears a design, probably representing the awakening of the soul in the regions of the dead; at present it is to be seen in the British Museum, after having been smashed in 1845 by a madman, and afterwards carefully put together again. In 1786, Wedgwood made copies of it in his own peculiar ware, specimens of which are to be seen in most museums in the kingdom.

In the fourth and following centuries etched gold-leaf was placed between layers of glass, and was largely used for marking the places where the dead were laid in the Catacombs.

Glass was used for windows by the Romans, as also mica and alabaster; the making of glass for such purposes was continued throughout the dark and middle ages; allusions are made to it by Lactantius in the fourth century, St Jerome in the fifth, and Gregory of Tours in the sixth.

Very little is known concerning the manufacture of glass in the Byzantine Empire after the decline of Rome, but it is considered probable that workers of glass brought their materials and arts from Rome to Byzantium. The art was but little carried on in those countries under Mohammedan rule previous to 1000 A.D. In the eleventh century certain factories were at work in Syria and Egypt; and in the twelfth century at Antioch and New Tyre (*Sâr*) glass-making was practised. In the thirteenth century the workmen had learned how to apply enamel colours and gilding to glass, this special branch culminating in the beautiful enamelled lamps so much sought after at the present time. Damascus in the fourteenth century was noted for its glass, and many objects were brought into our country by travellers; one such now in existence being the goblet known as the 'Luck of Edenhall,' beautifully ornamented in enamel colours, with oriental design. In 1402 Damascus was sacked by Timour Beg, and the glass-workers taken away. This, together with the fact that the Venetian glass was becoming known, brought about the decay of Damascus glass.

Venice for many years was the chief seat of the manufacture in Europe, and Venetian glass is well known to all art collectors. It is thought probable that the making of it was carried on during the early centuries on a small scale, and that the determination to cover the interior of St Marks with mosaic had a great effect in stimulating its manufacture. The first knowledge of any known artist in glass is obtained from a document in the Venetian archives of date 1090. Constantinople was taken by the Venetians in 1204, and among the many art objects dispersed were specimens of glass, many of which found their way to Venice, and so stimulated the art in that city. Various are the kinds of glass which the Venetians made, and very beautiful are the forms which emanated from their glass factories; so important were the makers of glass that the state conferred upon them the highest privileges possible. Venetian glass has been divided into six classes—namely, those objects which are made of one-coloured or plain thin glass, such as the well-known wine glasses; then those which are formed of coloured glass, painted with enamel colours and

then gilded, forming perhaps, some of the earliest shaped pieces of glass made about 1450—1520; a third class consists of mosaic glass; in a fourth are placed the opaque glasses; to a fifth class are assigned those 'crackled' glasses, formed by the sudden cooling and reheating of objects whilst in course of manufacture; and lastly are classed the peculiar lace glass and filigree glasses. So important was the glass manufacture that very stringent regulations were enforced by the state to prevent the secrets being carried to other countries, one, it is said, enacted that if a workman left a factory, and took the secrets of glass-making with him, he was at first asked to return; if he refused to do so, his nearest relations were imprisoned; if, notwithstanding this, he still would not return, an emissary was sent to find and secretly kill him. Yet with all these severe penalties, certain of the workmen left Venice and carried their art with them into Germany, France, and England.

In Germany the art had been carried on previous to the sixteenth century; at this period and during the next two centuries a peculiar kind of beer-drinking cylindrical vessels known as 'Wiederkomms' were made, generally of plain glass ornamented in enamel colours with the arms of the Emperor and Electors of Germany, with the Imperial Eagle, or with designs dealing with domestic subjects. The art of cutting glass was brought to great perfection in Bohemia toward the end of the seventeenth century, and at Potsdam in 1679 a peculiar kind of ruby glass, invented by Künckell, was manufactured.

Very few pieces of French glass now in existence can be attributed to an earlier date than the sixteenth century. But in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the art advanced, and in the time of Louis XVI. very delicate ornamentation was made on glass by means of wheel engraving, the usual pattern consisting of monograms and initial letters interlaced in the midst of an escutcheon.

Many small portions of glass have been found in various parts of the United Kingdom, bearing a great resemblance to the old Roman glass, and it has been conjectured that such was imported into England. At Woodnesborough in Kent a large number of elongated glasses were dug up; they are said to have given rise to the word 'tumbler' as applied to drinking glasses, for, from their having rounded bases, when stood upon a table they were tumblers in a true sense; they are considered to be of Anglo-Saxon origin, and many are to be seen in the British Museum. The earliest evidence there is of the making of glass in England is in 1447, when John Prudde of Westminster in agreeing to make the windows for the Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick, promises that he will 'use no glasse of England.' Sussex from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century was noted for its glass. Stow in his chronicle says that the first making of Venice glass began in England at Crutched Friars in London about the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Jacob Vessaline, an Italian. In the seventeenth century lead was used in the glass manufacture, and the glass so made was known in England as 'flint' glass. At Lambeth in 1673 the Duke of Buckingham

started glass-works. In 1736 English glass-making had so improved that it was considered to be superior to Bohemian. At Bristol in the latter end of the last century a factory was started and became noted for its vases and beakers.

The first glass in Scotland was made at Wemyss and afterwards at Prestonpans and Leith. Many goblets are met with which have engraved upon them a rose with two smaller rose-buds emblematic of James II. and the old and young Pretender; some also bear the portrait of Charles Edward in tartan dress encircled by a wreath of laurel: such glasses were probably made in Scotland. Many beautiful specimens of glass have been made in India, Persia, and China, the Persian glass sprinklers of various colours being specially noteworthy. The small snuff-bottles made by the Chinese are not only beautiful but very interesting, for they recall the old methods of the Romans of using two or three layers of glass of various colours, and cutting away certain parts to form some device or pattern.

At the present time specimens of old Venetian glass are being copied in some few instances with great success, though it is to be feared that much of the modern glass is commonplace in form, doubtless owing to manufacturers having to sell at a cheap rate. Yet it is gratifying to know that where time has been allowed to skilled workmen for the manufacture of certain specimens, a high standard of excellence has been the result, approaching the Venetian work of the best period. Copies of the old Mosque lamps and other ancient patterns are being made in Paris and Italy at the present time, and it behoves all those interested in buying old glass to be somewhat careful as to their purchases.

THREE PICTURES OF A LIFE.

DAWN.

PLAYMATE of dreams and flowers and all things bright,

Oh little child—whose hands

Have found a treasure in the cuckoo-lands—

Thy fair-haired comrades of the earlier light,

Missing thee from their bowers,

Have come to seek thee in thy realm of flowers.

NOON-DAY.

Maytide and morningtide have passed away.

Roses and lilies rare

Have chased the kingcups and the cowslips fair

From meadows where the child no more can play;

And stronger hands have grasped

That dearest blossom which his fingers clasped.

DUSK.

Slow to his side the lingering river creeps,

Whispering into his ear

Strange stories of the far and of the near.

The clustering flowers are dead—wan Autumn weeps;

And all life's better part

Lies buried in the dreamland of his heart.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

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